Famish'd weeping weak
With hollow piteous shriek
Rising from unrest,
The trembling woman prest
With feet of weary woe;
She could no further go.
In his arms he bore
Her arm'd with sorrow sore;
Till before their way,
A couching lion lay.
Turning back was vain,
Soon his heavy mane
Bore them to the ground,
Then he stalk'd around,
Smelling to his prey.
But their fears allay
When he licks their hands
And silent by them stands.
They look upon his eyes
Fill'd with deep surprise,
And wondering behold
A Spirit arm'd in gold.
On his head a crown,
On his shoulders down
Flow'd his golden hair.
Gone was all their care.
Follow me he said,
Weep not for the maid;
In my palace deep,
Lyca lies asleep.
Then they followed
Where the vision led,
And saw their sleeping child
Among tygers wild.
To this day they dwell
In a lonely dell,
Nor fear the wolvish howl,
Nor the lions growl.